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EXPRESS TRAINS for SHREWSBURY will leave Euston Station, London, as follows (Week Days):—

Ordinary Train.	Ordinary Train.	Ordinary Train.	Special Express Train Monday, Nov. 11th only.	Ordinary Train.	Special Express Train Monday, Nov. 11th only.	Ordinary Train.
Euston Station dep. 5 15	a.m. 7 30	a.m. 9 0	12 10	p.m. 3	4 0	5 15
Victoria (L.B.&S.C.R.)	6.45	8 25	11 24	2 8	3 25	4 25
Kensington	7 5	8 53	11 48	2 39	2 51	3 54
Broad Street	6 50	8 25	11 40	2 10	2 25	3 25
Arr. Shrewsbury	10 5	12 2	1 50	5 0	6 55	7 55
Through Carriages from Euston on Trains marked C.				8 20	9 55	

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Leave Shrewsbury..... 7 45	10 29	12 45	2 45	5 0	5 35
Arriving Euston	12 50	3 15	5 30	8 0	9 10
" Kensington	12 54	3 24	5 27	8 3	9 7
" Victoria	1 20	3 30	5 56	8 22	9 27
" Broad Street	1 22	3 52	5 52	8 40	9 22
Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station, November, 1878.				10 40	

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off, and, in your cramped position in the hut, a flying shot in the dark is next door to impossible. Besides which, the *huttier* will look upon you with scorn. He will, as soon as he returns to his village, narrate how the Englishman only killed one duck (or widgeon, as the case may be), when he had decoyed a good company to his hut, and the thing will spread all over the district with astonishing rapidity, to the utmost discomfiture of the sportsman, who will not fail to perceive how contemptuously he will henceforth be looked upon. For, strange as it may appear, wherever duck decoying is practised, the decoymen are invariably looked upon as miraculously clever shots. Now this is a most egregious mistake, as I will show. Blindfolded I will warrant I will kill as many birds as any *huttier*. It is the A B C of shooting. Yet these men pride themselves on their skill. There never was a greater mistake on their part. That they are clever in setting up their huts, and in working their call ducks, no one will deny, but that is all. As concerns the killing, the veriest tyro will do it as well as the best crack shot that ever

pulled trigger. Nay, a mere boy, with scarcely any experience of firearms, will be quite as successful as the best man, if he can hold the gun at all. Then why this extraordinary reputation of the hutters as marksmen? It is unaccountable, except in the following wise, that, whereas the uninitiated judge of talents by results, seeing that a hutter comes home of a morning sometimes with a score or more of birds, they set that man down as being exceedingly clever with his gun. But a blind battery sweeping the front of his hut would have done just as well, or better; nay, this has actually been done. Many years ago now, a keeper set up a battery of guns, a hundred yards apart, to sweep the Virginia Water, and by connecting all the triggers with a wire he was enabled to fire them all from a distance, and one day he killed thus seventy wild ducks (see Colonel Hawker's book, eleventh edition, page 446). Well, now, my argument is that really the hutter need not be in his hut at all unless he chose. If he were to act as the aforesaid keeper—viz., set up one or two guns in his hut, and tie a string

to the triggers, he could, from a distance, pull and kill his fowl just as well as if he were in the hut. *Ergo*, the killing requires no skill, and that is what I wanted to demonstrate.

Putting, however, aside the killing, the rest is a most entertaining piece of business, and I cannot do better than describe it.

And, first of all, about the hut.

The hut must, of course, be near an open sheet of water. If there are reeds about, these are cut with a scythe, or even rooted out everywhere in front of the hut. If the water is not stagnant, but liable to rise or recede according as there is a flood, or some sluices are left open about the marsh, then the hut must be made somewhat portable. There are then two sorts of huts; the fixed ones, which are built more or less substantially and well hidden, and the portable ones, which are very light, well-disguised, and easily moved and shifted.

The fixed huts are built by the side of some natural, or artificial, ponds, whose surface the guns can pretty generally cover. When the ponds are, however, too large, stakes, painted white, are



THEATRICAL TYPES.—No. 1. THE HEAVY MAN.

driven about, forming a sort of semi-circle of a radius equal to the known killing range of the guns. Any birds within that "charmed" semicircle are fired at; any birds beyond it are let alone until they are drawn within range. Were it not for these "range" posts it would be sometimes impossible for the shooters to know, at night for instance, whether the birds before them are or are not likely to be killed if fired at. Even in daytime it will be found that it is no easy matter to decide at what distance one stands from birds that are actually squatting on water. Water deceives the eye completely, unless the eye is taught by repeated experiments to judge correctly of distances. One thing is clear, men have fired at ducks that were a hundred yards off, thinking they were well within range. The fact is, by fixing one's eyes some little time on a bird sitting on water the bird is delineated so clearly by its surroundings that involuntarily one comes to the conclusion that it must be a great deal nearer than it really is. This will especially occur if one chances to be handling a gun at the time. The excitement of the affair, the chance of the shot, the fear of losing it by delay-

ing too long, everything conspires to render the shooter's calculations unsatisfactory, or to set them at defiance. He accordingly fires and finds his shot falling dead half way or so, whilst the startled fowl rises, screaming murder, and sheers off with all speed. I know what it is, I have been taken in myself more than once!

From all this, the absolute necessity of having "range" posts will be made very apparent. Now, these posts cannot be used when removable huts are resorted to, since the ground is changed sometimes every day. In this case, however, the clear space of water in front of the hut is rarely above thirty or forty yards across, from the shooter.

Some fixed huts are built very substantially, say in downs, and when the brickwork is done and well set, the whole is covered over with sand; and rank grass, brambles, &c., are encouraged to grow over all, so as to hide it as much as possible. Inside there are lockers for drinks, &c., and generally one can be pretty comfortable there.

The reverse, however, is the case with movable huts, or with those that are built in perfectly open ground.

The former must be so light as to be easily dragged backward and forward, according as the water rises or falls, and both must be so low, and so unassuming, as not to give the alarm to the fowl, who fight very shy of anything unusual, or uncommon, in the flat marshes.

Now, a portable hut is very much like a long, flat basket, with a round top, thatched with straw, and with only an opening in front, exactly like the entrance to a dog-kennel. This sort of hut is made as follows:—Two poles, pretty straight if possible, are bored with holes, into which are fixed, crosswise, the points of sticks of equal length, which thus join the poles. This constitutes the flooring of the hut. Holes are then bored on the top parts of the poles, and in these holes the ends of willow wands of equal length are thrust—thus making a sort of tunnel shape. This shape is covered over with straw, reeds, &c., so as to make it appear as much like its direct surroundings as possible; the back of it is

stopped in the same manner, and the front ditto, barring a small aperture, just large enough for the shooter to crawl through. The bottom of the hut is profusely covered with straw, and thus a very light, easily carried concern, is rigged out at no cost whatsoever, since the straw and reeds, sticks and poles can be had for the picking up.

The fixed open marsh hut is still more roughly made. A trench is dug with a spade round the extent of ground which the hut is to cover. The earth from the trench is piled on that ground, thus raising it above the surrounding land, and securing to it a certain amount of dryness. Over this earth, when dry, some willow wands are fixed, in tunnel-shape, too, by simply thrusting the ends on either side. These are thatched over with straw, reeds, grass, &c., and covered over with earth and grass; the bottom end is blocked, the floor is provided with a bundle of dry straw; the front part is again just wide enough to crawl through, and thus the shooter has an ambush much lower than a Newfoundland's kennel, far less comfortable, but warm enough in all conscience, and certainly not to be distinguished from the natural features of the marsh, unless directly and closely pointed out. That is the strong point of the contrivance.

I have seen some such huts over which grass actually grew, and I could not discover them until tumbling into or over them almost. A few frogs and water-beetles, no doubt, get into there, now and then, and thus keep company with the wild-fowl shooter, who is there lying down at full length, waiting till it may please the wild birds to listen to his charms. Dreary waiting, truly, when the birds won't come, but truly charming enough when they do, as I, personally, can testify.

Some years ago I was shooting over a marsh in the North of France, and the weather suddenly turned terribly cold. A blowing north-easter came on next, and, of course, I knew that good sport was drawing nigh.

The next day snow was on the ground a foot deep, and it was freezing as hard as could be; and this lasted a week. The bags I made were simply tremendous. Why, ducks and widgeon were passing and re-passing continually, even over the cliffs. One had only to hold straight—plenty of shots offered themselves.

Well, I was delighted. I was almost alone; the French shooters not relishing that sort of weather at all, stopped at home, and I inwardly thanked my stars that they did. At last the thaw came, and I then left the sea-shore for the marsh, where, as a matter of course, the birds flocked to feed. I gave them a grand dusting on the first day, and was in the seventh heaven of delight. Towards evening I was wending my way back towards the shore, when I pitched upon a *hutier*, who, with his old gun and call-ducks, was going to his hut. I was tired with the day's exertions, and I thought it would rest me to get into the hut and see how it was worked. I could stop an hour or two, I thought, and then go home. (I stopped all night, though, but of this more anon.) Well, I made an overture to the man; he accepted at once my offer, viz., 5 francs and all I shot, and we went to the hut.

It was just large enough to hold us—a tight fit, though. The man had but three ducks, two of which he proceeded to fasten to some stakes, he wading in the shallow water to do so, and scarcely had he done so, and brought his drake in, than three widgeon pitched on the pool. I killed two at one shot, and settled the third, who had been crippled by the first shot, with my second barrel. Out flew the man. He picked up the birds, ran back again, "worked" his drake again, and with such success that a couple of teal that were flying by came down, never to rise again. We remained all night at it, and I shot forty-two head, including teal, widgeon, and duck.

The next day I came again, but only got one shot—killing five ducks with my two barrels. The third day the wind had changed, not a bird came, and, in fact, for a week the man hardly got more than three or four birds.

This tends to show that in such matters one should always make the most of one's opportunity. Let that escape and all is over, pretty well, as regards making a big bag, but that hunting pays in the long run there is no doubt. If it did not the huts would not be all tenanted as regularly as they are, that is very certain. Well, then, why don't professional British wild-fowl shooters take to it more kindly? It is a sure draw to the birds, and one that supplies half the markets of Europe with fowl. It requires patience, ingenuity, and call-ducks; no insuperable difficulties are, therefore, in the way, and I commend the plan to all whom it may concern.

THE DRAMA.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

HAVING been disappointed of her French piece, Miss Kate Santley has been under the necessity of employing the pen of a native playwright, the prolific Mr. F. C. Burnand, to furnish her with a new burlesque. On this occasion Mr. Burnand has chosen to parody his own *Adelphi* version of *Dennery* and *Cormon's Cause Célèbre*, in what he describes as a rather after-Dinner and very un-Cormon version of *Proof*, entitled *Over-Proof; or, What was found in a Celebrated Case*. The author of *Happy Thoughts* has undoubtedly earned for himself popularity as a writer of trifles of the kind, and his skit upon the Prince of Wales's play *Diplomacy*, produced at the Strand some months ago, was a successful and amusing burlesque. As much cannot be said of the new Royalty piece, which in several points fails to reach a satisfactory degree of humour. The fact that the costumes are imitated faithfully from those in the drama, and that, with the exception of Mr. G. W. Anson, none of the actors have attempted in making up to give a burlesque touch of exaggeration to their parts, no doubt prevented us from deriving that amount of amusement from the piece that in the main features of it is droll enough. It is not enough that a burlesque be merely funny written. A stage parody ought to appeal quite as much to the eye as to the ear, so that even a deaf person could not fail to appreciate the extravagance of it. But a great many of the scenes of *Over-Proof* are played quite as seriously as those in the *Adelphi* drama. Mr. Burnand has introduced into his dialogue more than his usual allowance of elaborate word-twistings and puns, which have nothing to recommend them except their violence. It is not necessary to attempt any description of the plot of *Over-Proof*. It is divided into several tableaux, which in their haphazard arrangement reminded us of a Christmas pantomime. A drop scene introduced between the first and third tableaux "explaining the lapse of twelve years" is so admirably painted that we could well forgive its incongruous introduction, and pretty Miss Minnie Marshall plays "A Little Time" very charmingly. The convict scene is perhaps the funniest in the burlesque, and Mr. Walter Henry Fisher, as Pierre Lorance, the convict, with his ornamental manacles, acted amusingly. Miss Kate Santley has on this occasion allowed herself to fall into the background rather. In the earlier portion of the piece, where she appears as Adrienne, "only five years old," she has more to do than at the close of the burlesque. We confess, however, we failed to see the humour of her travesty of childhood, and the song "More than Five" did not strike us as being so humorous as it was apparently intended to be. Altogether the new Royalty burlesque

is by no means so exhilarating as those opera-bouffes which we have latterly been accustomed to see upon this stage. Mr. G. W. Anson's performance of the Count de Laval is certainly remarkably clever as a burlesque performance, but it is not of itself sufficient to support the entire piece. Mr. Anson's wonderfully accurate make-up and imitation of Mr. Arthur Stirling is as good of its kind as anything we have ever seen, though its cleverness can only be appreciated by those who have seen the *Adelphi* drama. To such as have it will afford genuine amusement. We are sorry not to be able to prognosticate a lengthened run for *Over-Proof* because we think Miss Kate Santley in her managerial career has been unfairly handicapped by that irresponsible authority, the Lord Chamberlain. If he refuses to allow her to transplant any more lively French operas there is nothing for her to do but to revive some of the old ones. No doubt *La Marjolaine* would very well stand the test of revival.

EPSOM COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

THE ninth annual performance of this school came off on November 1st and was a decided success. The room was directly filled with a large and appreciative audience to the number of about nine hundred. The pieces chosen were Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, and Townley's *High Life Below Stairs*. Both pieces went off without a hitch, and in the *Comedy of Errors*, Mr. Hunter as Antipholus of Syracuse won high praise, as did also Messrs. Burnett as the Dromios, Mr. Fisher as Adriana, and Mr. Folker as Luciana. In the farce, Messrs. Hogg and Fletcher, and Mr. Chaldecott seemed thoroughly at home. The costumes and scenery were provided by Messrs. Nathan, and the music was composed for the occasion by the Rev. S. J. Rowton, M.A. The school must be complimented on its well-appointed stage, than which no school possesses a better. The room presented quite the appearance of a little theatre.

THEATRICALS IN AUSTRALIA.

The *Australasian* of August 31 gives the following summary of recent theatrical doings in Australia:—

In the matter of amusements at the Theatre Royal, Mr. and Mrs. Jack are at present fulfilling an engagement. Mr. Jack has appeared as Falstaff in *Henry IV.*, and as Farmer Allen in *Dora*, and Mrs. Jack (whose stage name is Firm) is now playing the character of Miss Sarah Multon in *Expiation*. At the Princess's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which has been running for three months, is coming to a termination, and is to be followed by *The Octoroon*, with a newly organised company. Mr. Bayless ceased his connection with this house three weeks ago. The Academy and the Opera-house are at present both under the management of Mr. G. B. W. Lewis. At the former, Mr. and Mrs. Tavares are just concluding a fortnight's engagement, and at the Opera-house the company have been playing *Ours* for the last twelve nights. Mr. Creswick, who is just returning from Adelaide, is to appear at this house on the 7th prox., and at the Academy *The Octoroon* will be produced, with the Georgia Minstrels in the cast. The Kelly and Leon Company at St. George's Hall are bringing their second season to a close. The Metropolitan Liedertafel gave one of their pleasant concerts on the 25th, and on the 26th the drowsy Philharmonic Society performed, for the first time, Schumann's cantata of *Paradise and the Peri*, with Herr Elmlund in the bass portions, and Miss Christian in the contralto. The Monday popular concerts at the Town-hall continue to be well attended, and the organ recitals maintain a steady attraction to the discerning few. Signor Giannina has given a very successful pupils' concert at Mr. Glen's concert-room; and there have been some miscellaneous performances in the suburbs. Out of Melbourne, in the country there is nothing to record. In Adelaide, Mr. Creswick has just concluded a satisfactory season at the Theatre Royal, and Madame Tasca is giving piano performances which thoroughly maintain her reputation. In Sydney, at the Theatre Royal, Miss Beatrice has been playing in *Never Forgotten*, and now Mr. Hall is drawing large houses with *Our Girls*. Opera-bouffe, with alternations of grand opera, is to be found at the Victoria; and Mr. and Mrs. Bates, with Mr. W. G. Carey, are playing in *The Lancashire Lass*, at the Queen's. In Tasmania, Mr. Wheatleigh's company is in Hobart Town, Mdle. Legrand being his principal female constellation. From New Zealand the news is principally to the effect that Mr. Hoskins is playing farewell engagements preparatory to his returning to the old country, and the Cheevers and Kennedy minstrels are receiving good evidence of the correctness of their judgment in visiting that colony.

Miss Cowen will give a dramatic recital, at Highbury Atheneum, Highbury New Park, on Thursday evening, November 14th, when she will be assisted by Miss Arditi, Mr. Arthur Lewis, and Miss Emily Thornton. Miss Cowen will commence a short tour in Scotland, where her talent as a reader should ensure her success.

Barry Sullivan has been doing enormous business during the week in the Irish capital. *The Times* (of November 5), speaking of his wonderful reception, says:—"Upon the great tragedian making his appearance he was received by an ovation which can only be characterised as the spontaneous tribute to artistic genius. The cheering was continuous and the waving of hats incessant for some minutes, while Mr. Sullivan again and again bowed his acknowledgments for the enthusiastic plaudits. Barry Sullivan's Hamlet is thoroughly well known, and we can only say that he never performed the rôle better than he did last night, and that the audience insisted on his coming before the curtain at the termination of each act."

An historical drama, called *The Chevaux du Carrousel, ou le dernier jour de Venise*, by M.M. Paul Fouquer and Alboize, which many years since enjoyed a success at the Chateau d'Eau, Paris, has been revived. The subject deals with General Bonaparte. In the first act he sends his aide-de-camp to demand satisfaction for an insult to the flag of France, and in the last scene appears amidst the noise of cannon and the chant of the "Marseillaise," and, pointing to the famous horses of St. Mark, exclaims, "Away with them to France, to the Carrousel!" The Censor has, however, forbidden the name of Bonaparte to be pronounced in the piece, and wherever it occurs it has been suppressed. By a singular inconsistency, however, the victories of Rivoli, Castiglione, and Arcola are mentioned. The play is founded on the legend in which the existence of the Venetian Republic is associated with the horses. The melodrama, exercising a poetic license, supposes that the destruction of that palladium was the work of two Frenchmen, enemies of the Republic. A love intrigue and some comic scenes are worked into the historical part of the play and complete the drama. The final scene exhibits the four pasteboard horses solemnly dragged away by a pair of wretched screws, evidently borrowed from some neighbouring cab-yard. This evidence of the triumph of the French army, however, touched a patriotic chord and excited the enthusiasm of the audience.

The recent entertainment given at St. George's Hall by the Pandora Dramatic Society has resulted in a profit of £2000 10s. od., which has been handed over to the University College Hospital,

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS EMILY FOWLER.

MISS EMILY FOWLER was educated in France and Germany, and made her first appearance on the stage abroad as a dancer, under the tuition of Espinoss. She came to England when fifteen years of age, and was engaged for the Royalty Theatre by Miss Oliver, making her London début in *Black-Eyed Susan*. She made her first hit in public favour when playing in Mr. Burnside's *Humbug*. Her next engagement was with Mr. Hollingshead, at the Gaiety, where she appeared in *Robert the Devil*. While at the Charing-cross Theatre she made another decided hit while playing in *Not so Bad After All*. After making a series of intermittent appearances at the Globe, the Opera Comique, and other houses, her next important engagement was with Mr. Henry Neville, at the Olympic, where she made a series of most successful appearances in leading parts. Few playgoing readers will fail to recall with pleasure her Lady Betty Noel in *Clancarty*, her piteously touching portrayal of the Blind Girl in *The Two Orphans*, and those other able personations to which in our past volumes we have from time to time drawn attention, her last effort being in the *Winter's Tale* at Drury Lane where she now plays Perdita.

BRET HARTE.

The literature of America has of late years made long and rapid strides, assuming a distinctly national character, and in the humorous direction that character has been distinctly fresh and original. Its droll exaggerations, grotesque extravagances, and abrupt and wild turns of fancy are essentially new. Such ideas as that of a man so tall that he had to ascend a ladder to shave; an oyster so large that it took two men to swallow it; a horse running so fast that its shadow could not keep up with it; a rich man so unbendingly proud that before he could pull on his boots he had to take out his spine; a conveyance going so fast that its passenger, mistaking the mile-stones for grave-stones, thought he was in a grave-yard, &c., &c., are familiar illustrations of American drolleries, and are unmistakably national. These, however, only represent the more quaintly curious phase of American humour. We find the same novelty, only less pronounced, in its less whimsical expressions when satire, sentiment, and pathos are allied to it by unexpected turns and sudden twists, or when the grimly grotesque and even the horrible are associated with it. Amongst the names which the mere mention of American humour suggest are Judge Haliburton, Artemus Ward, W. A. Butler, Oliver W. Holmes, Josh Billings, Orpheus C. Kerr, Mark Twain, and last, not least, Bret Harte, of whom we this week give a portrait.

Space will not permit us to dwell upon Bret Harte's career, tell of his early struggles, or note his editorial connection with Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain) on the San Francisco *Californian*. Nor can we mark the wild adventures Bret Harte sought in company with Clemens as gold-diggers in the Calaveras County. As to his works, who has not read them? and where is the Penny-Reading which has not given its patrons many a time and oft such treats as are contained in "That Heathen Chinnee," the Ballad of Mr. Cooke, or of the Emu; the Stage-Driver's Story, and the Story of a Pony; the lines on the Pliocene Skull, the chemical narrative of aspiring Miss De Laine, &c. All that is wanting is his portrait, and that we hereby give, engraved from a photograph by one of our most famous American photographers.

OUR FIRST JAMES'S FIRST PIPE.

Well—we never heard of that pipe—we have no knowledge of the authority upon which the artist bases his belief in its having existed, but we suppose he had some reason for making this pictorial assertion, and, after all, it is not improbable. King James surely tried the "noxious weed" before he wrote his famous "Counterblast to Tobacco," which reads very like the production of a man who had had one pipe, and only one. He couldn't understand, judging by its effects upon himself, what curious charm there could be in it "that," to quote his own royal words, "some of the gentry of the land bestowed three and some four hundred a year on this precious stink."

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.—AN ALARM.

In this country our ideas of sheep mainly take the form of mutton. We have some appreciative ideas of sheep connected with their meekness, placid obedience, and the uses their wool serves in keeping us inwardly warm and outwardly respectable. We scornfully regard their timidity and dependence upon others for protection, and altogether regard the sheep as a stupid animal, wanting in pluck and self-dependence. But where—as in our engraving—sheep range at liberty amongst the Rocky Mountain tops, with no shepherds to protect them, and no shepherd's dogs to worry them, they display very different characteristics. Then neither courage, energy, nor sagacity appear to be wanting. Sentinels are stationed on suitable heights to warn the flock of approaching danger, and in this position are as vigilant in their watch and as boldly defiant in their preparations to resist danger as could be desired. At this sentinel's signal—a loud, whistling hiss—the flock take to flight, and disappear with inconceivable rapidity, and if their flight be intercepted the immediate preparations made for defence display the utmost prudence and cleverness. If the danger is sufficiently great, the entire flock will form themselves into a compact body, with the females and young in the centre, ready to charge furiously upon any enemy who may venture too near them. In the Rocky Mountain districts of the United States there is excellent grazing ground, the valleys, hills and table land supporting huge flocks of these wild sheep.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW FROM ABOVE AND BELOW.

Above and below affords some curious and amusing contrasts, Mr. Stretch, of which, with your usual quickness of perception where subjects humorous are concerned, you have ably availed yourself. Above, arranged in groups and rows, reign in pleasant convenience the favoured sight-seers. Below, in a state of tumultuous struggle and confusion, the less favoured, both moved by the same impulses, and brought together by the same desire, and yet how different. Sights are grand things in the London streets, and, no matter what the materials may be of which you compose them, they never yet lacked their crowds of curious gazers. Those who would not give "a brass farthing" to chat familiarly with that worthy citizen, Mr. John Jones, Brown, or Smith in their respective shops or offices, will pay heavily for the hire of a window, merely to look upon him from afar, when as Lord Mayor elect he sways to and fro in his great, lumbering, gilded Mayor's nest, with bands of music and banners, and all the noisy, gaudy etceteras of a Lord Mayor's Show before and behind him. And he, poor man! although he knows it, is not a whit less proud. He firmly believes that he—Mr. Jones, Brown, or Smith—is the great charm that has called thousands upon thousands of eager sight-seers into the streets on this misty month of November. The cheers are all for him. The struggling, the fighting, the climbing

of dangerous heights, the crowding of windows, the putting forth of flags and banners are all for him, all merely to do him honour, to obtain a sight of his smiling or solemn features as he goes in state to Westminster—the City's annual king. But how about next year? and the coming month of November? when he is below and another above—but no! let us not dwell upon it; the thought is too sad, and this is a day of feasting and rejoicing; this is Lord Mayor's Day and our subject a Lord Mayor's Show. The king of the City is dead—long live the king of the City!

THE HEAVY MAN.

The heavy man of the play—the ruffian of the theatre, the villain of the Vic! What a bloodthirsty ring there is in the very sound—I hated the sight of him. He was the nightmare of the playgoing times of my youth when I had supped full with horrors in that dirty, dingy little theatre of ours. I say I hated him, yet what would the play have been without him? There would have been no females in distress. Why, virtue would have glided along on the even tenour of its insipid way uninterrupted. He was the disturber, and how he did disturb—ah! We all knew he was coming before he appeared on the scene, we FELT his presence, though we could not see him; so did the music, which became wild and troubled; so did the lights, which seemed to half close their eyes, as if in dread of his approach, and when he did enter the very music shrieked at the top of its voice and then stopped suddenly as though it had fainted. No wonder either, for what a sight he looked. I have him in my eye now. Of course I do not mean literally—I mean I see him now as I saw him then, his wide trunks and tab jacket ornamented with concaves, looking like so many miniature tin-plates. The waist girded with a black belt, in front of which was a buckle, not unlike a small turnpike-gate. His matted locks were of the fiercest horsehair, while his corked beard glared at you with the most murderous effect. His eyebrows, of the same origin as the beard, were so black and heavy that even with the aid of his big, broad shoulders, it really seemed marvellous how he could carry them about. But his boots—ah! his boots—no matter how he might disguise himself, you could always tell him by his boots, he wore them for every part; they had evidently, too, become so used to crime that there was always a sullen air of wrinkled villainy about them, and as slowly creaking across the stage they appeared to be echoing their owner's words, "his life's blood—a." His gauntlets were always of the deepest red, and constantly looked as if they had been dipped in the gore of his victims, while the hat he wore of black felt, trimmed with black feathers, at once suggested their funeral. Who that has heard it will ever forget the terrible intensity of that postman's knock of a laugh—Ha! ha! or the vindictive "I never forget an insult"; or the appalling question, "Will you be mine-a?" or the blood-curdling "May lighting bl-ast thee"; winding up with the invariable "Foiled again--damnation!" Sometimes he would cry "Cow-erd, come on," and would flourish an outcast sword of limited dimensions, without even the shelter of a sheath, and fight a terrific combat to set music. When slain, as the laws of triumphant virtue always required he should be, he would stiffen himself, and fall so well on the broad of his back, dying to crackling peels of thunder at the wing, that we have known him, in answer to the applause, rise up and die over again. However, our horror softened towards him when we saw him in private life. We could not believe the genial-looking man, with a cigar in his mouth, was the same being that we had seen, as he told funny stories one after another, and on further inquiry we have heard that he has been known in his most crime-stained part—ay, when he has undertaken the task of slaughtering his own brother, that he has walked quietly up to the sickly walking lady in the wing, and asked, in the softest of tones, "Are you no better to-night, my darling?" At home, too, I have been told he had the most loving ways among his family, and that when leaving them to go on his nightly mission of theatrical murder that he has actually, in answer to his wife's kiss and his child's "Bless you, da!" been known to say, with a tear in his eye, "God bless you both, my darlings." The type of the old-fashioned heavy man has passed away, and in its stead we have kid gloves and blandishments—handsome young villains, foppish roués, elegant swindlers, breakers up of happy homes in the shape of privileged friends who elope with fashionable wives—this is the drama of the present day. Well, the old school, with all its surroundings of horror, was only acting, after all, but I am afraid the present school is too true to nature as we find it nowadays. L.

MRS. SIDDONS' FARM AT PADDINGTON.

A class of writers would fain arrogate to themselves and their contemporaries all possible excellencies and perfections. Point out the records of past greatness and they smile incredulously. Some will accept any theory, however wild, any evidence, however shadowy, rather than place the celebrities of the past upon pinnacles higher than those the living have attained. They are always ready with their specious ifs and buts. They say, "If those who asserted that were now alive;" or, "But in those days the standards of excellence were not so," &c., never stopping to ask if they have not unused the very standards that were then applied, or considering that the enthusiastically given verdict of succeeding thousands has ratified the judgment they refuse to receive. Dramatic critics of this class have of late years been throwing doubts upon the character of the praise awarded to, or the merit belonging to, the old actors and playwrights. Attempts have been made to rob even Shakespeare of his nobly won honours, and our Garricks, Keans, and Kemble's would all be dismissed into oblivion by these critics—if they had their way—as idols of a heathen state which existed before the superior taste, knowledge, and judgment of the present had glorified the Highest. But without falling into the error of erecting ideal standards or craving for vague impossible achievements, and without ignoring the imperfections and shortcomings which are as common to those who went before as to their successors, we may yet wisely and worthily keep in view those things, which awaken emulation, inspire hope, and afford the strongest encouragement to all who aspire to tread the upward and onward path. We say this, because from time to time as space or opportunities serve, we have ourselves gone back to the old theatrical records, and kept their memory green in both our pictures and letterpress. This week we add to our memorials of this nature a view—from a contemporary print—of Westbourne Farm, the residence of Mrs. Siddons, which in 1806 stood amidst trees and fields on Westbourne Green at the top of the Harrow-road, a spot which was then one of the prettiest about London, from which it was about a mile and a half distant. The estate to which it belonged was previously the property of the famous architect, Isaac Ware, who commenced life as a chimney-sweeper's climbing boy. The mansion he built, with materials he obtained from the Earl of Chesterfield's house in Mayfair, stood close by, and in Mrs. Siddons' time was the property of Mrs. Coulson, and celebrated for the extent and beauty of its grounds.

Paddington is now part and parcel of London, and a row of busy shops and modern houses stand on the ground Westbourne Farm occupied. It was a small, low, cottage-like house, standing in the midst of its garden, and

shut in by tall poplar and other trees, and after Mrs. Siddons's death it was occupied for some little time by Madame Vestris. In the "Fifty Years' Recollections" of Cyrus Redding, journalist and author, he tells us when he resided in Gough-square his morning walk used to be out into the country as far as an inn near Mrs. Siddons's villa, "far in the green fields." Some lines, attributed to Mrs. Siddons, playfully exaggerate the characteristic features of the place. We append them—

ON MRS. SIDDONS'S COTTAGE AT WESTBOURNE.

Would you I'd Westbourne Farm describe?
I'll do it, then, and free from gall;
For sure t'would be a sin to gibe
A thing so pretty and so small.
A poplar walk, if you have strength,
Will take a minute's time to step it;
Nay, certes, 'tis of such a length
'Twould almost tire a frog to leap it.
But when the pleasure ground is seen,
Then what a burst comes on the view!
Its level walk, its shaven green,
For which a razor's stroke would do:
Now, pray be cautious when you enter,
And curb your stride's too much expansion;
Three paces take you to the centre,
Three more, you're close against the mansion.
The mansion, college, house, or hut—
Call it what you will—has room within
To lodge the King of Lilliput.
But not his court, nor yet his queen.
The kitchen-garden, true to keeping,
Has length, and breadth, and width in plenty;
A snail—if fairly set a-creeping—
Could scarce go round while you told twenty.
Perhaps you'll cry on hearing this,
What! everything so very small!
No; she that made it what it is
Has greatness that makes up for all.

Such was the home in which, after her retirement from the stage, Mrs. Siddons spent her quiet days with her husband, whom the first Earl of Minto describes in one of his letters as "a plain, modest, well-behaved man, tall, stout, clean, and well-looking, but nothing theatrical, romantic, or witty; and his appearance not such as one would conceive the mate of the tragic Muse ought to be." Yet this tall, stout, well-looking, unromantic man had inspired in "the tragic muse" most romantic passion, and their love story reads like that of a novel. He appears to have been well content with his little rural home, in the country village of Paddington, but not so his wife. When the tall poplars grew dark against the fading glory of sunset sky, she would look out of the window in her mob-cap and spectacles, sighing wistfully, "Oh, dear! This is the time I used to be thinking of going to the theatre; first came the pleasure of dressing for my part, and then the pleasure of acting it," adding, very sadly, "but that is all over now." Yet she found plenty of occupation, for idleness was never a trait in the character of Mrs. Siddons; her garden, her family, her husband, her domestic affairs all experienced her constant attention, and Westbourne Farm was doubtless, after all, a fairly happy home.

THREE FAMOUS AMERICAN RACERS.

THE famous racers of our engraving on page 185 hold high places in the American turf records, and are from the pencil of an American artist, who is regarded in that country as but little inferior to the Sturges of our own as a picturer of horses:—

BOMBAST is a dark bay, three-year-old, by imported Bonnie Scotland, dam Benicia, by Jack Malone (son of Lexington), and was bred at Belle Meade Stud, near Nashville, Tennessee, by General William G. Harding, and purchased as a yearling by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, his present owner. He started seven times as a two-year-old, and won two events only, but he ran so well that he was regarded as a good horse, but "unlucky." He appeared first in the August Stakes at Long Branch, July 15, when he ran third to Kingsland and Leonard, one mile, with Lucifer and Orion unplaced. August 3rd he ran second to Leonard in the Saratoga Stakes, three-quarters of a mile in 1min 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec, with a field of nine behind him. August 8, same meeting, he ran second to Susquehanna for the Kentucky Stakes, one mile in 1min 45sec, with a field of five behind him. He was unplaced to Leonard for the Nursery Stakes, at Jerome Park, October 2nd. Same meeting, October 8, he won the Champagne Stakes—three-quarters of a mile in 1min 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec—with Loiterer second, Hibernia third, and Lady Silvers, Rifle Princeton, and Carocalla unplaced. At Baltimore Fall Meeting he was second to Susquehanna for the Central Stakes (one mile), Princeton third, and Cloverbrook and Oriole unplaced; and closed the year by winning a two-year-old purse (one mile) at the last-named meeting in 1min 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec, beating Salleé M'Crea, Hibernia, and Princeton. He was placed four times, won twice, and was unplaced in but one of his two year-old races. He commenced the present season by running second to Cloverbrook at Baltimore Spring Meeting for the Preakness Stakes (one mile and a half), and next appeared in the Withers Stakes at Jerome Park (one mile, for three-year-olds), the Two Thousand Guineas of America. There was a field of sixteen fine three-year-olds, and he won by three lengths, in handsome style, in 1min 46sec. Bombast is a beautiful bay, with the left hind ankle white and a small star, and is a blood-like horse of actual quality, and possesses a fine turn of speed.

PAROLE, the property of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York city, is a dark brown, and was foaled in 1873, bred by Mr. A. Welch, at Chestnut-hill Stud, near Philadelphia, and is by imported Leamington, dam Maiden, by Lexington, grand-dam Kitty Clark, by imported Glencoe, &c. Parole is 16 hands 2 inches high, and is a horse of exquisite symmetry of form and great quality. His neck and head are bloodlike, with much room in the region of the heart and lungs, a long body, but short in the back, with great expanded quarters and most excellent feet and legs. His career as a two-year-old was very extraordinary. He started six times and won four races, and was beaten each time by his stable companions, whom his owner declared to win with, and was only run to ensure success for his stable. So he was not placed to Mr. Lorillard's Faithless in the Flash Stakes a half mile at Saratoga, July 29, 1875, and also to Cyril (Mr. Lorillard's) for the Central Stakes (one mile) at Baltimore. Parole made his *début* in the July Stakes, at Long Branch, July 8, 1875, where he beat Freebooter, Bryen, and Knapsack, six furlongs, in 1min 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. At the same meeting, July 17, he beat Shirley and Lady Clipper for the August Stakes, one mile, in 1min 54sec, over a heavy course. At Saratoga, August 4, he beat Adelaide, Sultana, Brother to Bassett, Athlene, Blue Coat, Sun Burst, Durango, and Osseo for the Saratoga Stakes, three-quarters of a mile, in 1min 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. At the same place, August 10, he beat Adelaide, Sultana, Brother to Bassett, Durango, Lillie Belle, and Sun Burst for the Kentucky Stakes, one mile, in 1min 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. As a three-year-old (1876) he started seven times, and won three events, as follows:—The All-Aged Stakes, one mile and two furlongs, Saratoga, July 25, beating Tom Ochiltree and Mattie A in 2min 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec; won the Sequel Stakes, same meeting, one mile and three-quarters, beating Freebooter, Warlock, and Odd Sock, in 3min 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec; and the All-Aged Stakes, at Jerome Park, a mile and a half, beating St. Martin, Warlock, Virginius, and Rhadamantus, in 2min 38sec. He was beaten for the Kentucky Derby at Louisville by Vagrant; ran second to Tom Ochiltree for the

Saratoga Cup, two miles and a quarter, with Big Sandy and Madge behind him; ran second to Vigil in the Dixie Stakes at Baltimore, two miles, with Heretog, Algerine, Sultana, and Shirley behind him; and was again placed second to Vigil in the Breckenridge Stakes, same meeting, two miles, with Virginius third. As a four-year-old he has appeared in public but once, when he won the Woodburn Stakes at Jerome Park Spring Meeting, two miles and a half, beating Ambush, Fiddlestick, and Virginius, in 4min 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. He is a horse of great speed, yet he shows best at long distances, for he stays without difficulty.

CLOVERBROOK is a three-year-old chestnut colt, and was bred by his owner, Mr. E. A. Clabaugh, of Cloverbrook Stud, Maryland, and bears the name of the place where he was raised. He is by Vauxhall (a son of Lexington and Verona, by imported Yorkshire, and she out of imported Britannia IV., by Muley), dam Maudina, by imported Australian, and she out of imported Maud, by Stockwell, being very richly bred. He did not do well as a two-year-old, having started four times without being able to win. As a three-year-old he began the present season by running second to Lucifer for the Fourth Renewal of the Three-Year-Old Sweepstakes, at the Baltimore Spring Meeting in a field of ten. Two days after he won the Preakness Stakes (one and a half miles) in 2min 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec, beating Bombast, Lucifer, and the stranger. In the Withers Stakes, at Jerome Park, June 2, won by Bombast, he was not placed in a field of sixteen. He next appeared in the Belmont Stakes, one mile and a half for three-year-olds, which is called the "American Derby," and won handily by two lengths from a field of twelve in 2 minutes and 46 seconds. Cloverbrook is a powerfully-built colt, 15 hands 2 inches high, with a short strong back and most excellent limbs. He is very deep through the chest, and has powerful quarters. He is marked with four white ankles, and a crooked strip down the face.

SCENES FROM "THE IDOL" AND "TANTALUS" AT THE FOLLY THEATRE.

The two pieces which now occupy the stage of the Folly Theatre are adaptations from the French. The comedy, *The Idol*, is adapted by Mr. Wyndham, the actor, from *La Veuve*, by Meihac and Halevy. The original English version was not passed without hesitation at the Lord Chamberlain's office. However, the adaptor was allowed to produce it after making sundry alterations. The scene represented in our illustration is the end of the second act, and represents Mr. J. G. Graham, Miss Eastlake, and Lionel Brough in a rather effective scene. The piece which follows, *Tantalus*, is made amusing chiefly by the exertions of Mr. W. J. Hill as Mark Chubbly, the amorous locksmith. Our artist gives a picture of a comic incident, where Mark Chubbly has fallen asleep in a strange drawing-room. Mr. Hill will be recognised by his rotund visage. He is supported by Miss Rose Cullen and Mr. Alfred Bishop.

Mr. P. A. DANIEL is about to read at the new Shakespeare Society's meetings two papers "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakespeare's Plays." Part I. will be read on Friday evening next. The meeting (at University College) begins at eight o'clock.

THE Council of the Shakespeare Memorial Association held a meeting on Monday at Stratford-on-Avon, when arrangements were made for an inaugural festival on the next anniversary of the poet's birthday. The festival will extend over ten days, and will include performances of Shakespeare's finest plays, concerts, &c., so as to show the suitability of the theatre portion of the memorial to each of the purposes to which it is intended to be applied. The general arrangements are to be under the direction of Mr. Chatterton, who is one of the governors of the Association.

The Daily News, in its Paris correspondent's letter, expressed a hope that we might some day see a Parisian University crew competing for the blue riband of the Thames, as Harvard once did. At the same time he remarked that the bar to this at present was the expense of *canotage* as a pursuit according to French ideas. The president of the C.U.B.C. wrote to the *Daily News* to question the accuracy of its estimate of expenses incurred by University crews. Speaking from some experience of boating acquired at Oxford, its correspondent had suggested that the expenses of each member of a "Varsity" crew could not fall short of £100 a-year; to which Mr. Prest replied that if he meant *bond fide* rowing expenses £100 a year came nearer the mark. In reply to this, the *Daily News* correspondent writes:—"I said nothing of *bond fide* rowing expenses, though Mr. Prest will allow me to doubt whether a ten-pound note would cover a man's subscription to his university and college barges (or rowing clubs), his share of expense in the building of long boats, and his hire of gigs or outriggers for private practice all the year round. By 'expenses,' however, I meant all that a man is called upon to disburse in honour of his position as a 'Varsity' oarsman. Under this head I include cost of boating clothes, travelling expenses to Ely (if a Cantab) for coaching, a fortnight spent in London before the annual race, aquatic breakfasts, suppers, &c., tips to 'cads,' and disbursements in connection with entries in various races. Most 'Varsity' oarsmen enter at Henley and other regattas, and I have known some of them have to pay for the transport of outriggers and sculls pretty long distances by rail in charge of a man. Surely all this costs money, and Mr. Prest must admit that the expenses of a week in London, Kingston, or Henley, even when a man lives abstemiously, exceed what he would spend were he residing quietly in college or at home? That is all I meant to say. For the rest, no one is more disposed to encourage the manly sport of rowing than I am, and my remarks, as your readers may remember, were merely intended to point out that boating, inexpensive as it is in comparison with other pursuits, is yet too dear for the slender purses of French students. A Parisian undergraduate's allowance varies between £80 and £120 a year. Mr. Prest must not take it unkindly if I ask him whether Cambridge could have enjoyed the benefit of his able services on the river if he had been compelled to read and to row on the income of a French student."

UPON the occasion of the first race meeting at Kempton Park in July, it will be remembered that the management conceived the admirable idea of commemorating the affair by a presentation to the trainer and the rider of the initiatory winner. The Inauguration Plate was won by Dunkenny, and the Kingsclere trainer, John Porter, became the recipient of a silver cup worth £50. Fordham, as the rider, was to have received one valued at £10, but it was thought the horseman was deserving of some more worthy token, and accordingly the Kempton Park Company and a few friends got up a subscription with a view to providing a suitable gift. A sum of £50 was raised, and for this amount Messrs. J. Hall and Co. of King-street, Manchester, have turned out a very handsome double-handed cup, the width of the bowl of which is 14in. It stands 13in. without the pedestal, which is 8in. height. The following inscription is upon the piece of plate:—"Presented to Mr. George Fordham, by the Kempton Park Racecourse Company and a few friends, in testimony to his skill as a horseman and his integrity as a citizen. This piece of plate is also intended to commemorate G. Fordham's victory on Mr. F. Gretton's Dunkenny, for the Inauguration Plate, at the first Kempton Park meeting, July 18, 1878."



SCENE FROM "THE IDOL"



D. H. FRISTON del.

SCENES FROM "TANTALUS" AND "THE IDOL" AT THE FOLLY THEATRE.

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PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

STREATHAM MEETING.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

A WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. F. Davis's b c Hudibras, by King Victor, dam by Ion, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (Barlow), 1, 7 ran.
A NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. S. Western's b f Cuisine, by Caterer—Lucetria, 1st 7lb (Luke), 1, 7 ran.
A SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. E. Grain's b f Miss Bowstring, by Stratford—Miss Bowman, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb (Luke), 1, 9 ran.
The STREATHAM AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Mr. Hunt's ch m Hestia, by Asteroid—Mermaid, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb (Morley), 1, 8 ran.
The NORBURY PLATE.—Mr. C. Bush's b c Bonnie Charlie, by Prince Charlie—Chiffonniere, 2 yrs, 6st 10lb (car 6st 13lb) (A Hall), 1, 8 ran.
A SELLING HURDLE PLATE.—Mr. Hale's b h Vanguard, by Skirmisher—Vertumnus, 6 yrs, 1st (E. Page), 1, 9 ran.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

An OPEN HUNTERS' STAKES.—Mr. T. Stevens's b g Tutor, by Lecturer—Premature, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb (Mr. F. Stevens), 1, 3 ran.
The MITCHAM HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. John Nightingall's b c Opopanax, by Cymbal—Etna, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb (J. Jones), 1; Mr. W. Burton's Evening News, aged, 12st 7lb (R. L'Anson), 2; Mr. A. Poole's St. Bees, 5 yrs, 1st 10lb (Gregory), 1, 7 ran.
A SELLING HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Edwards's b g King Alphonso, by Arthur Wellesley—Irene, by King Tom, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb (Bavertstock), 1, 7 ran.
The SUBURBAN STEEPLE-CHASE HANDICAP.—Mr. G. Goodchild's b g Stroller, by Saunterer—Miss Johnson, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb (Whiteley), 1, 5 ran.
A SELLING HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. C. S. Halford's br g Warwick, by The Peer—Panacea, aged, 11st 7lb (Mr. W. H. Johnstone), 1, 9 ran.
The MANOR FARM STEEPLE-CHASE HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Burton's b g Kedgeree, by Young Melbourne—Gunga Jee, 4 yrs, 1st (Gregory), 1, 8 ran.

HALIFAX AUTUMN MEETING.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

The YORKSHIRE HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. H. Green's b c Arblast, by Trumpeter—Arrow, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb (Mr. R. Walker), 1, 2 ran.
The HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Osborne's b f Whim, by Miner-Rosamond, 3 yrs, 10st 12lb (Heslop), 1, 5 ran.
The ALL-AGES SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Vyner's b f Aurelia, by Westwick-Affection, 4 yrs, 9st (J. Osbourne), 1, 7 ran.
The HALIFAX AUTUMN HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. G. Oliver's gr f White Rose, by Rococo—Alice Grey, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb (Howey), 1; Mr. Jardine's b f Pretender—Minaret, 3 yrs, 6st (J. E. Jones), 2; Mr. J. Martin's b f La Gitana, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb (Bell), 1, 7 ran.
The NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Beaumont's br f Little Bird, by Pax Wren, 7st 6lb (Morgan), 1; Mr. Jardine's b c Macaroni—Woodbine, 8st 2lb (G. Cooke), 2; Mr. M. Brown's b c Jim Walker, 7st 4lb (Fagan), 1, 9 ran.

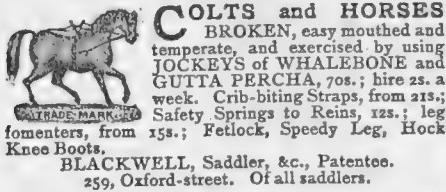
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2.

A SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. A. Cooper's b c by Atherton—Queen Esther, 8st 2lb (Morgan), 1, 6 ran.
The HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. H. Green's b c Arblast, by Trumpeter—Arrow, 5 yrs, 12st (Mr. R. Walker), 1, 6 ran.
The WEST RIDING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Hall's ch c Astronomer, by Siderolite—Lady Jane, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (Coates), 1; Mr. H. Dragg's Fairy Queen, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb (Carlyle), 2; Mr. C. Vyner's Looking Glass, 5 yrs, 7st 3lb (Collins), 3, 4 ran.
The LICENSED VICTUALLERS' WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's b g Barge, by Mousey, dam by Underhand-Slayer's Daughter, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb (inc 4lb extra) (Griffiths), 1; Mr. W. Bourke's Kilmarlin, 4 yrs, 11st (inc 4lb extra) (J. Osbourne), 2; Mr. Bowes's Prince of Orange, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb (inc 4lb extra) (Bruckshaw), 3, 7 ran.
The HALIFAX NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. M. Brown's b c Jim Walker by Knight of the Garter—Nellie, 7st 5lb (Fagan), 1; Mr. J. Coates's Lady Fanciful, 8st 2lb (Bruckshaw), 2; Mr. Beaumont's Little Bird, 8st 3lb (Morgan), 3, 5 ran.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

The NOVEMBER HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Power's ch c Bacchus, by Uncas—Nelly's dam, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb (Fleming), 1; Sir W. Nugent's br f Arblast, aged, 10st 6lb (Mr. Beasley), 2; Sir J. L. Kaye's b c Marshal Niel, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb (car 10st 6lb) (R. L'Anson), 3, 4 ran.
The NEW STAND STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's b f Blonde, by Speculum—Dentelle, 8st 2lb (Constable), 1; Mr. T. Green's b f Savoir Faire, 7st 9lb (Morgan), 2; Mr. Robbin's b c Vanderbilt, 7st 9lb (C. Wood), 3, 4 ran.
The WESTMORELAND WELTER PLATE.—Lord Hastings's b f Birdie, by Macaroni—Molly Carew, by Wild Dayrell, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb (inc 3lb extra) (F. Webb), 1; Mr. J. C. Murphy's ch c Deluder, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb (inc 3lb extra) (F. Webb), 1.



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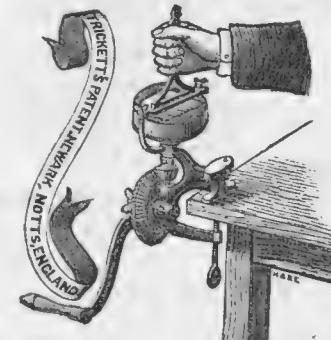
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

GEORGE EWES.—Dr. Johnson has not noticed the word *grizzled* in his dictionary; but its meaning we know to be *grey*. The expression was common about Shakespeare's time; for in a proclamation of King James (1606) for the discovery of Henry Garnett, alias Walley, alias Darcy, alias Farmer, one of the Jesuits concerned in the Gunpowder Conspiracy, there is a description of his person, in which "the haire of his head and beard" are represented to be "*griseled*."

JOHN JONES.—We believe on several occasions, although we can recall but one, the advertisement of which appeared in a Norwich playbill issued in 1757. It ran as follows:—"To the Public.—As it has been remarked, by some persons, that the favourite play of *Romeo and Juliet* would give much more satisfaction to the audience in general if it ended happily, accordingly it has been entirely altered, the fifth act made almost a new one, saving their lives, and the life of every virtuous unoffending character preserved also (except Mercutio) and rewarded. All this, too, is brought about by nothing even bordering upon the miraculous, but by plain, natural, and far from improbable means, &c. The play is now in rehearsal."

O. H.—Pericles was played by Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells Theatre in October, 1854. He himself appeared in the leading part, and Miss Edith Herard made her *début* as Marina.

AGNES.—The original Abbé Latour in the *Dead Heart* was Mr. David Fisher. It was first produced at the Adelphi Theatre in November, 1859. H. D. M.—Robert Chamberlain wrote in the time of Charles the First a comedy called *The Swagging Damsel*, which was printed in 1640. It is supposed, too, that he was the author of a pastoral, or, as it is called, a pescatory play, called *Sicellides*, which was published anonymously.

D. M.—In "An Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy," published some time in the last century by J. Bell of the Strand.

V. H.—Mr. Simon Keys was a provincial actor who retired from the stage, and passed the remainder of his life at Ringwood in Hampshire. Mrs. Mills, of Covent Garden Theatre, and an actress named Lee were his daughters. His wife was a clever actress, who made her first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre in 1803.

G. H. L.—*The Winter's Tale* was divided into two pieces for one of the London theatres in the last century, or the beginning of the present, one part being played as a tragedy, the other as a comedy or farce, which was called *Sheep-Shearing*. 2. Hermione was one of Mrs. Siddons's great parts.

Z.—x. A nephew of Kynaston the actor was living at the close of the last century, for Reynolds the dramatist mentions him as a member of one of the oldest clubs then in London, the Lions, when he, Reynolds, was elected into it. 2. Mr. Horace Twiss was a nephew of Mrs. Siddons, and the son of her sister Fanny. 3. *Verbatim et literatum*.

P. E. W.—You probably mean the following epigram on Arthur Murphy the dramatist, written by one of his most familiar friends:—

"Who e'er shall challenge this dull wight,
Perchance may perish in the fight,
Without revenge; for Arthur's sake
With lead would but assimilate."

MUSICAL.

G. S.—The first Italian singer of any note who appeared in this country was the celebrated Margherita de L'Epine, who became the wife of Dr. Pepusch. A *London Gazette* of 1692 described her as "the Italian lady that is lately come over, that is so famous for her singing."

RACHEL D.—On reflection you will perceive that we could not specially recommend any teacher of singing without laying ourselves open to the imputation of partiality or prejudice. We may, however, impress upon you the great importance of commencing your first studies under the guidance of a really competent teacher. Many of our "professors of singing" are universal geniuses, who teach the piano-forte, harp, concertina, guitar, &c., &c., and profess to teach singing also. It is seldom that the art of vocalisation can be taught successfully by any but teachers who devote themselves exclusively to that art. Even amongst these there are many who have completely failed as public singers, yet pretend to show to others the road to success. If you wished to learn the art of water-colour painting you would not select for your teacher an artist whose works were universally condemned, but would prefer that your studies were guided by an artist whose abilities had been widely acknowledged; and on the same principle you should select for your teacher an artist of proved ability, either as a public vocalist or as a successful teacher. Many naturally good voices have been hopelessly ruined by bad education, which must at any price be dear. It is of primary importance that the voice should be—to use a technical expression—"placed" properly; its normal compass and quality ascertained; its weak parts strengthened; its range extended as far as extension may be safely attempted;—and no further,—its quality of tone equalised throughout its compass; the lungs and chest muscles trained to do their work with ease, and faulty productions of tone,—such as "throatiness," "nasality," &c.,—completely banished. When the voice has thus been "placed," the student is on the right road to success. At the outset of your career the best teacher will prove to be the cheapest.

R. S. V. P.—Mr. Carl Rosa was born at Hamburg. His name has been changed, and you are correct in your supposition that he is the Carl Rose who some years back won distinction as a juvenile violinist in England, as well as on the Continent. Only four or five years ago he played a violin solo at Manchester with such brilliant success that he was urged to resume his career as a violinist, but finally resolved to devote himself exclusively to English Opera.

W. KEY.—It is difficult to give a definition of a "ballad." The term is derived from the Italian "ballata"—a vocal piece, in which a legend, or an historical event, was set to music. Our early English ballads, such as "Chevy Chase," and "The Spanish Lady," were of this kind; but of late years the title of "ballad" has been affixed to many vocal compositions which should have been described as "songs." Properly speaking, a "ballad" should always have a story, whether founded on fact or fiction.

SPORTING.

A READER.—White Hart Silver was the ancient name given to the fund created by fines paid into the exchequer by those who had offended in chasing and killing a Hart Royal, that is to say, one which had been hunted by the King and lost, on which occasion it was usual for a royal proclamation to be made, forbidding any person to chase or kill that particular animal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. E. DRBENHAM.—You may. The photograph was sent by the lady with no mention of your name. If you had supplied the original, the usual course would have been observed.

F. G.—The first translator of Homer is said to have been Leontius Pyratius, a native of Thessalonica in Greece, who lived in the fourteenth century. The author of the Decameron, describing him, wrote:—"His look was frightful; his countenance hideous; he had an immensely long beard, and black hair, which was seldom disturbed by a comb. Absorbed in constant meditation, he neglected the decent forms of society; he was rude, churlish, without urbanity, and without morals; but, to make some amends for this, he was profoundly skilled in the Greek language and Greek literature. Of the Latin his knowledge was but superficial. Aware that a prophet hath no honour in his own country, he called himself a Greek in Italy, and an Italian in Greece. He had passed several years among the ruins of the *Labyrinth of Crete*." He was killed at sea by a thunderbolt, and Petrarch, in relating this catastrophe to Boccace, says, among other things, "This unhappy man has left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced in it a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetic genius found their way into so gloomy a soul."

HONOUR.—We have met with the same story in an old magazine published in 1802, in which we read as follows:—"Lord Howe, when captain of the Dunkirk man of war, ordered a black sailor, who had committed some

offence, to receive a certain number of lashes. Being tied to the gun, the Captain, who, with the good discipline of the service at heart, sometimes went, if not the wrong, at least the roundabout way to effect it, ordered the ship's company to be piped upon deck, and then began a long exhortation in favour of subordination and obedience; the black culprit heard it all, under various heads of dissertation, for nearly three-quarters of an hour, when, unable any longer to endure the oppression of his commander's eloquence, with the other sufferings that were to follow, thus movingly addressed him:—' Massal! if you preach-em, preach-em; if you frog-em, frog-em—but don't you preach-em and frog-em too!' Notwithstanding, the Captain of the Dunkirk continued his *preaching*, and afterwards flogged poor blackey in the bargain!"

C. E.—According to Milner, Leicester expressed his desire to "see the streets of London washed with the blood of Papists," and was preparing a new list of victims for persecution and torture when he suddenly expired, as was supposed, of poison administered by his wife, who afterwards married Blount, a man of whom he had long been jealous. Such was the popular belief of his time.

Politico Milito.—Wallachia, after a brave resistance in 1418, submitted to the arms of Sultan Mahomet I., who merely imposed an annual tribute of 3,000 piastres, and left the country its own government and the right of retaining the Christian religion. Moldavia voluntarily surrendered her liberties to Solyman I. in the year 1529, on terms similar to those granted to Wallachia, the annual payment being in her case called a present, not tribute money.

Down UP.—We reply in the words used when Foote or Charran—we forget which—finished another person's story as you suggest we should. "So, they wanted a rushlight! and, so, the great she bear was walking about the town—so he popped his head into the barber's shop, and said, What I no soap? So he died. She married the barber—the powder flew out of the counsellor's wig, and all Mrs. Mac Dab's puddings were spoiled—and so!—that's all!"

NOW AND THEN.—And yet it was not, for it is on record that during the whole reign of Charles II. there were only two cases of divorce. When do we pass a month with as few? Never jump to conclusions. To both questions we are unable to reply.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1878.

BREEDING SHORTHORNS.

If the proverbial individual who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one existed before is to be reckoned a benefactor to his species, in how far greater a degree may he be considered as deserving the thanks of the community who directs his attention to the improvement of the flocks and herds which depasture that herbage. Every day brings us fresh evidence of the happy results of the labours of our breeders of shorthorns and Southdowns, of longhorns and Leicesters, even leaving out of the question the homely "grunter," which has benefited as greatly as his brethren of the fold and the stall by a long and judicious course of "improvement." The herd book has now assumed somewhat bewildering proportions, and the number of our countrymen who make the breeding of beef and mutton their hobby is yearly on the increase. In fact, there are few districts where one or more of these enthusiasts in the cause of improvement cannot be found, and no prettier feature in a country landscape can well be imagined than a herd of level shorthorns, sleek-coated Devons, or shapely Alderneys dotting in picturesque confusion the glades and vistas of some ancestral domain in peaceful occupation of the pasturage with the stately stag, and not unfrequently with the "brood mare in maternal pride," and herd of goats, all enjoying equal rights, and adding tenfold to the beauty and interest of the scene. It is a thoroughly English taste, this love of developing and improving the animals on which we depend so largely for the chief comforts of life, and that efforts in this direction are duly appreciated we may safely conclude from the prices paid by denizens of foreign lands as well as by colonists for our best blood. Almost fabulous sums are yearly recorded as having been given for the pick of our flocks and herds, and thus the tiny ripple which just stirred the waters of enterprise at the beginning of things has swelled into a mighty wave, overflowing the boundaries of our island home, and fertilising the wide area of continent and island throughout the world.

The conditions under which the breeding of animals intended to furnish food and raiment is carried on hardly admit of comparison with those which govern the production of horseflesh, but it can be shown that while the constant improvement in the chief sources of our meat supply is placed beyond question, at any rate a doubt attaches to the assertion of progress made in the direction of improvement in the breed of horses. No one who has paid the least attention to a subject of such universal interest as the aspect of common domesticated animals like the ox and sheep can entertain the shadow of a doubt that the various breeds have undergone changes calculated to enhance their value in every department of utility. If we may form any sort of judgment from the representations of painters in days not far removed from us, both in shape and size the different breeds of cattle have undergone marvellous changes, tending towards increase in bulk, more perfect symmetry, and, above all, greater aptitude for producing flesh. The process has, of course, been a long one, and in reality we are but just beginning to trace the beginning of improvement among the lower orders of the bovine tribe, and the result of the skill and judgment exercised in producing the perfect specimens are now only faintly showing themselves. But these happy influences are extending year by year, and even men of old world notions and antiquated ideas are beginning to recognise the fact that there is something, after all, in breeding, and that the most profitable animals, both as regards dairy produce and fattening properties are far removed above the common herd of nondescripts which were "good enough for their fathers" in days before the improving influences of the herd book had made themselves felt. These have now succeeded in leavening the whole mass, and gradually we may expect to see a generally higher standard of excellence attained, for which we may thank those who have placed themselves in the fore front of the movement for bettering the condition of our flocks and herds. The prices paid for thoroughbred racing stock of late years have been enormous, but they are nothing as compared with those readily forthcoming for equally speculative and uncertain articles in the shape of pedigree cattle, when the characteristics of utility in each are taken into consideration. A high-priced yearling, bred for racing purposes, may at any rate succeed in winning a magnificent fortune in stakes for its owner, and after its retirement from the active business of racing,

may further add to his wealth by the production of stock commanding highly remunerative sales. But it is not so with the pedigree calf, which can lay claim to no intermediate state of utility, and is useful solely for breeding purposes, and may even be unfitted for these, owing to failing to fulfil its early promise in the matter of make and shape. Again, the breeder of cattle must expect to encounter to the full as many disasters and misfortunes as the breeder of horses, and the big prices occasionally realised only point to a success now and then out of innumerable failures. It is true that the "shorthorn man" has his shows and exhibitions, which may be compared to the racecourse as regards equine produce, but the awards are unsubstantial as compared with the stake of a Derby, and glory and honour are all that he can hope to obtain in return for a large outlay and endless anxiety. We are far from finding fault with all this, and only bring it forward in order to refute the very prevalent notion that fortunes are to be made by all engaged in breeding cattle of high degree, whereas the public only sees the obverse of the medal, with all its glitter and brightness, but fails to note the reverse, clouded with the gloom of disappointment and misfortune, and presenting a striking contrast to the other side. It is for this reason that we hold to the opinion that those who thus confer a solid and lasting benefit upon the community deserve our warmest thanks and praise, and it is fortunate for the country that men of public spirit are to be found willing to ride such admirable hobbies. Hitherto it seems to have been considered that their object was solely one of money-making and self-glorification, and here we will venture to assert that to the great majority of breeders of cattle their undertaking has proved to be a losing concern, though they may have done good service to the cause in which they embarked. The results of their experience in the matter of food for and treatment of the beasts they have striven so diligently to improve are simply invaluable, and they may claim to have done solid good in their day and generation.

It is a happy thing for England that persons of rank, of wealth, and of influence, prefer to take such matters in hand for amusement rather than for profit, instead of leaving the problem to be slowly and painfully worked out by those without sufficient capital at command to render their experiments complete. There is no surer means of benefiting posterity than to extend the productive powers of a country limited in extent as compared with the population, the cry of which is ever for cheap food. As years advance the question of supply will engross more anxious attention than at present; for whatever improved means of transit for foreign produce may be perfected and adopted, England must be in a position to rely upon her home resources for the chief of her supply. It may be conceded that very little ulterior improvement can be effected in our principal breeds of cattle, but now that no further advance in the direction of perfection seems to be possible, the rebound will naturally be in the opposite direction of "levelling downwards," until the standard of excellence throughout the country becomes uniformly high. This result will be due to the public spirit and enterprise of those who have set themselves to work without hope of pay or reward, in order to give posterity the substantial benefit of their labour and experience.

FOX-HUNTING.

We have from time to time in these columns touched on the different kinds of hunting which act as a prelude to the regular season, and serve, as it were, to give us a foretaste of the pleasures to come. Now we propose to enter on the serious business of the winter season—fox-hunting. It is all very well to dally with stag-hunting and fine scenery in August, or combine the pleasures of the seaside and the pursuit of the hare in September or October; but when November has once set in we begin to long for stronger meat, and ere this reaches the eye of our readers hundreds of men will be at their hunting quarters, and old friends, perhaps parted for months, will have again shaken hands at the covert side. There are a few who commence late and leave off early, but we cannot certainly reckon them amongst the list of men "who hunt and do not like it," which is a longer one than the uninitiated may imagine. Most men, however, are anxious to be at work as soon as November sets in, and to nine hunting men out of ten the first of the month of fog is looked on as the first of September by the shooter. There is little really done before that, and only the other day we heard an old sportsman say he had scarcely ever known any really good sport before that date, though occasionally in exceptional years he had known sport in October. In reality it is seldom that the ground is in a condition to be ridden over before the long nights and damp weather of late autumn have set in, and, although deer may be hunted on the heather, and hares on the downs, the fox in plough countries, at any rate, is best left to the hunt servants on their cubhunters while the ground is hard, and few would care to discount their season by laming and shelving valuable horses for the sake of an extra week or two at the commencement of the season. Even the grass as a rule is scarcely fit to ride over before that time, for the pastures are generally on some of the strongest land in England which bakes up to the consistency of granite in dry weather, and is not really rideable until it is thoroughly soaked, as when the surface only is moistened it is very treacherous and slippery. Now, however, the season has come when all these drawbacks vanish, and the hunting man may pull on his boots, safe in the consciousness that if his horse is good enough, and his heart in the right place, there is nothing, save the fences being a little blind at first, to prevent his taking the lead and keeping it as long as he can.

Probably there is no happier moment in the existence of any man who really means going than the first find of the season. How conversation is hushed at the first whimper! Down go the cigars, and the reins drawn through the fingers just to feel your horse's mouth, and, with a gentle squeeze of the calves, get him as they call it "between your hand and knees" ready to bound into his stride in an instant, for when they do go, there is no time to be lost, with perhaps only three practicable places in the first fence and a hundred other good fellows all determined like yourself, to be first. He does not want the hint, for although, if perfect in manners, he will not tear and reach about, you can feel from his heart throb between your legs the state of excitement he is in. Another whimper or two, see how his head and ear turn to the direction from whence they come! "Tally ho!" he is over the ride, and the whole pack at him in an instant; one turn round the covert with a chorus like a peal of bells, and then "Gone away." Now is the time to try for pride of place; the field deep ridge and furrow, but with a crowd of two hundred round, you must cross it.

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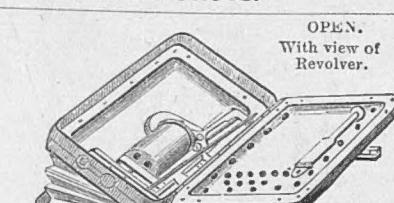
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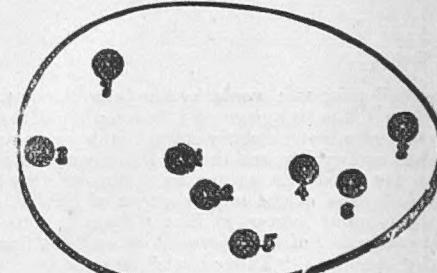
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WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

Wood & Co., 3, Great Marlborough-street, W.—“La Petite Epiègle,” price 3s., is a *morceau de salon* for the pianoforte, by I. Liebich, and has many of the attractive features which are usually found in the writings of this composer. The key is D flat, the time 6-8. The melody is graceful and flowing, and is set off by the accompanying semi-quaver phrases, for both left and right hands. It deserves to find favour as an elegant trifle for the drawing-room.—“Perles Classiques, No. 2, price 4s., Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, op. 14 by Mendelssohn, edited and fingered by C. Tiesset.” This is the second of a series of

twelve “classic pearls,” selected from the pianoforte works of great composers. Mendelssohn’s famous op. 14 is produced in a style which reflects credit on the engravers and publishers, and Mr. Tiesset has rendered valuable service to students by his careful and copious indications of the modes of fingering best calculated to develop the intentions of the composer. The Rondo Capriccioso, in “presto leggero” time, must always be difficult to play with the necessary rapidity and lightness, but its execution will be greatly facilitated by Mr. Tiesset’s able guidance. These “Perles Classiques” will form a valuable collection of pianoforte gems.

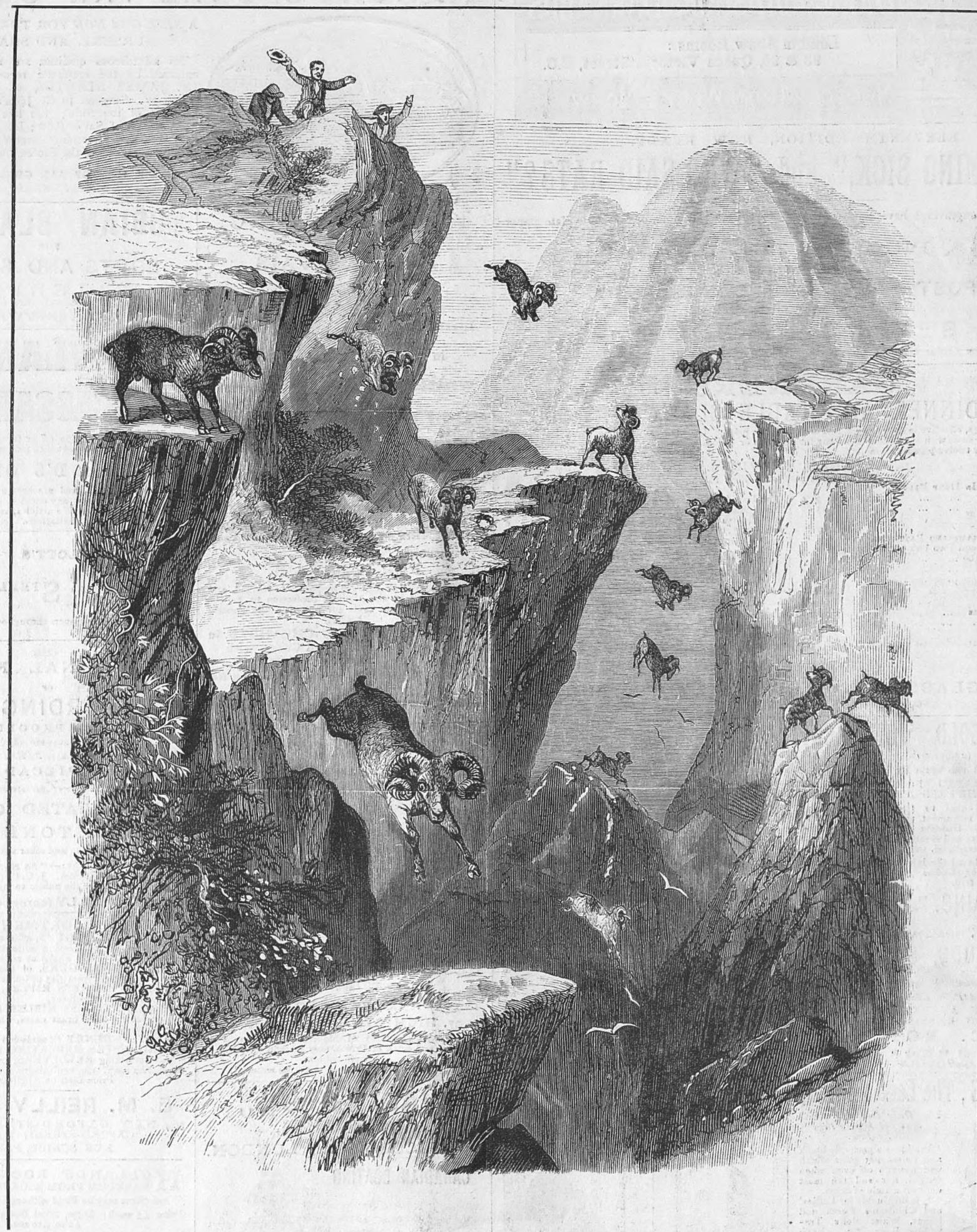
COCKS & CO., New Burlington-street, W.—“Past Years,” price 4s., ballad for barytone or tenor, words by K. T., music

by J. G. Wingrove, junr. The words of this song are commonplace in sentiment, and are disfigured by such inversions as

And life’s cares me beset,

The composer has failed to find inspiration in K. T.’s verses, and has produced a melody which has little originality to recommend it. The pianoforte accompaniment contains progressions which bespeak a limited acquaintance with the laws of composition, and although the composer may be encouraged to “try again,” he should first devote himself to serious study; and, secondly, should seek inspiration in verses worthy to be associated with music.

NOVELLO & CO., 1, Berners-street, W.—“The Farmer at the



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.—AN ALARM.

Banks,” price 1s.; words by Sir John Bennett, music by J. L. Hatton. The title-page of this song is adorned with a tinted picture of a pretty country cottage, the paper and engraving are of the best quality, and the price is ridiculously low—considering that the words are written by a popular City knight, and the music by one of the most eminent of English composers. Sir John Bennett appears to have “dropped into poetry” out of the exuberance of his enjoyment on escaping from Cheapside for a day’s holiday. “Thrice blest,” he says—

“Thrice blest be this sweet silent air
To which the rail has flash’d me down.”

The italics are ours, and we find it difficult to understand how anyone, much more a Common Councilman, could be “flashed”

anywhere by a rail. The first stanza concludes with the following remarkable statement—

“— all but country peace forgot,

I breathe the Farmer at the banks.”

What can be the enjoyment of “breathing a farmer”? —and how is the process effected? and who is the odorous farmer? and why is he “at” the banks? The next verse is suggestive of a pastoral *pas seul*:

“I walk my fields, I view my crops,

My soul for all it sees gives thanks;

Care comes not here among my *hops*.”

Fancy the genial and volatile Sir John, “cutting a double six,” and singing “Begone dull Care!” as an accompaniment to his nimble “hops!” The succeeding line perplexes the reader:—

“While I’m the Farmer at the Banks.”

It may be the height of felicity to “breathe a farmer,” but how can a farmer “breathe” himself? We give it up; and we fear that posterity will be puzzled by the “dark sayings” of our civic poet. Badinage apart, Sir John Bennett does not appear likely to shine as a writer of lyrics. His verses, to which Mr. J. L. Hatton has attached a simple and pleasant melody, are cheerful in spirit, but they contain only commonplace ideas, and are, simply, rhymed prose. He has honourably distinguished himself in many paths of life, but should suppress every impulse to climb the thorny paths of Parnassus. No man can be better able than Sir John Bennett to keep an excellent watch over his muse.